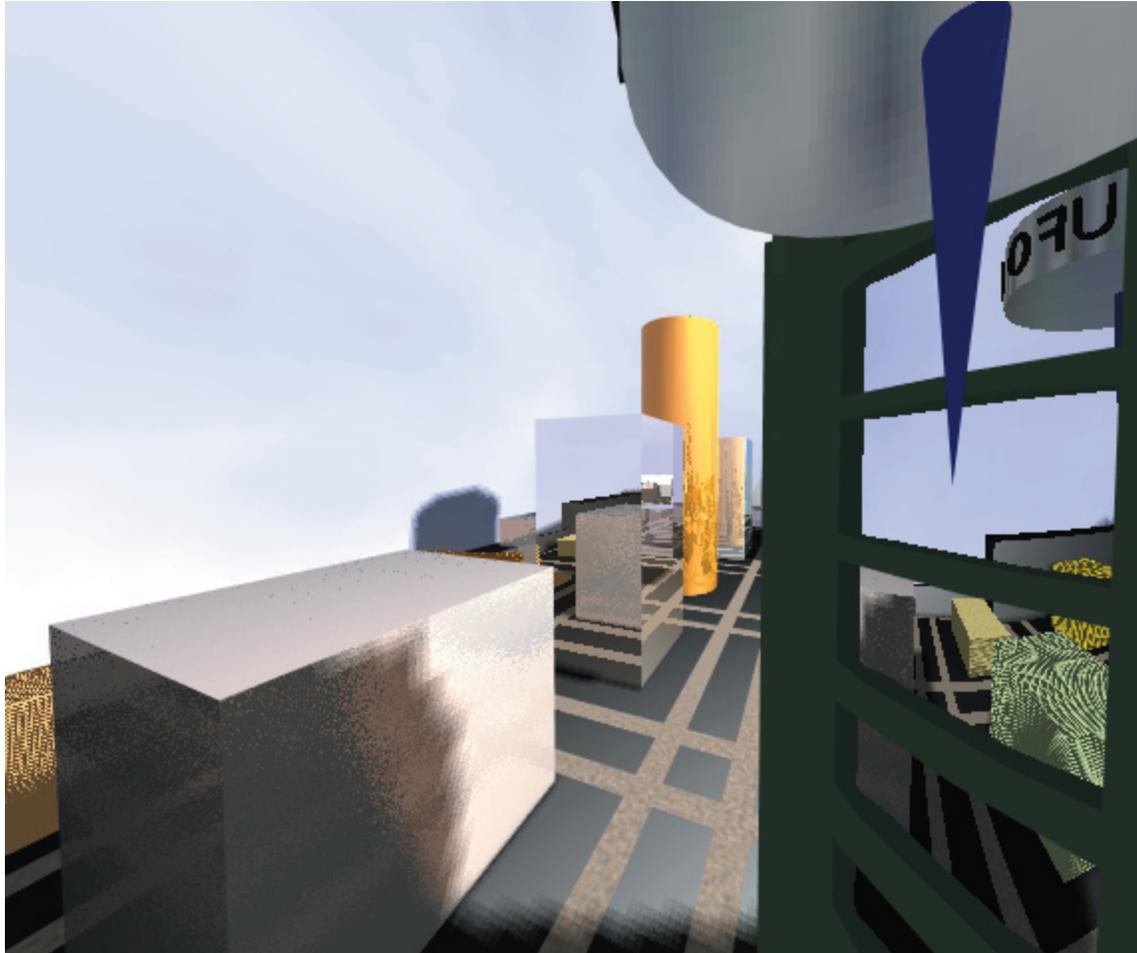


“I was never sure when they started watching me. It must have been when I was very young. When I was about six years old I started feeling different. I could tell I was being watched. It was on my eighth birthday that I first saw them. We’d had family over for my party in the afternoon, but they’d all gone home. Because it was January it got dark early. I was in the back yard when the light appeared. It was like a wisp of fog watching me. Duke, our old dog, barked and ran into the house. The first time they took me with them was several years later.”

Jessica, 1974, Chicago

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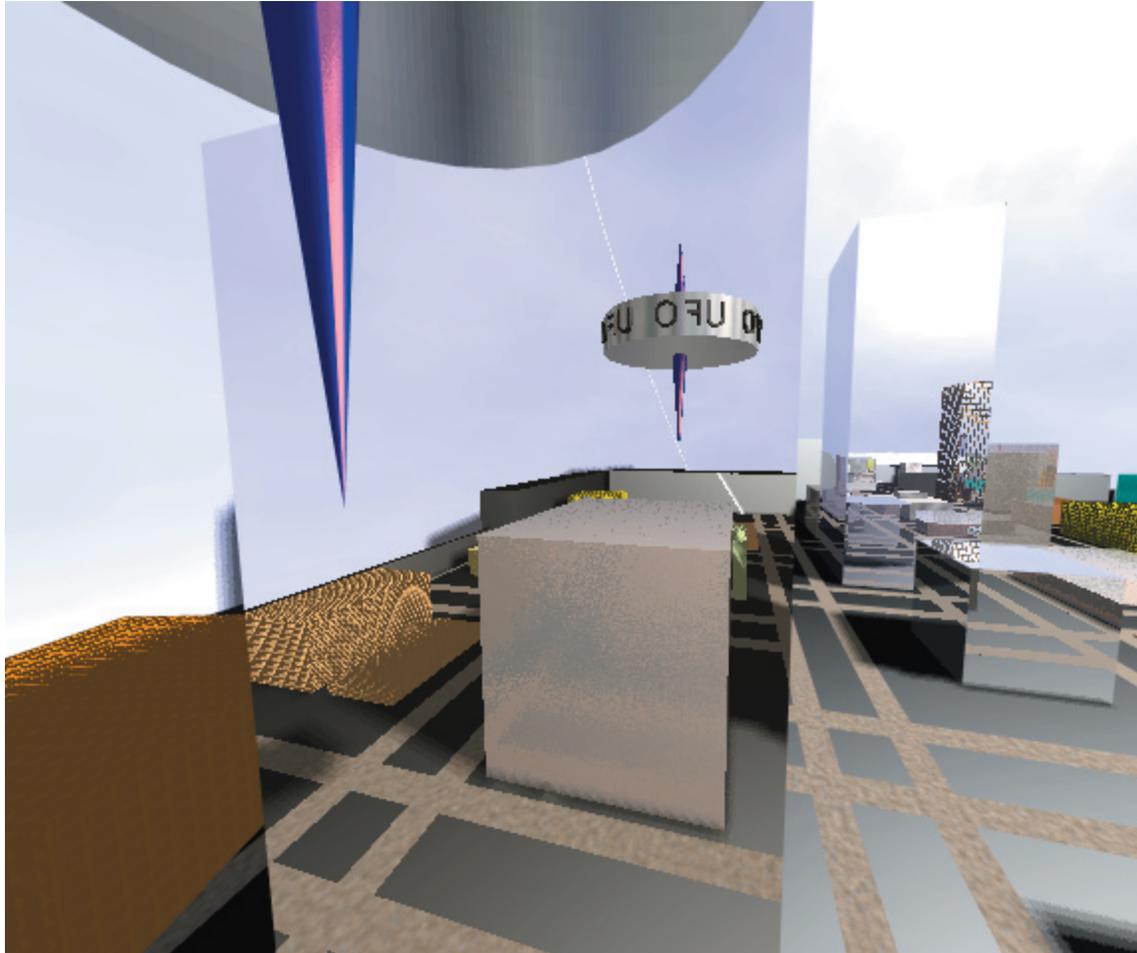
[Frame 17]



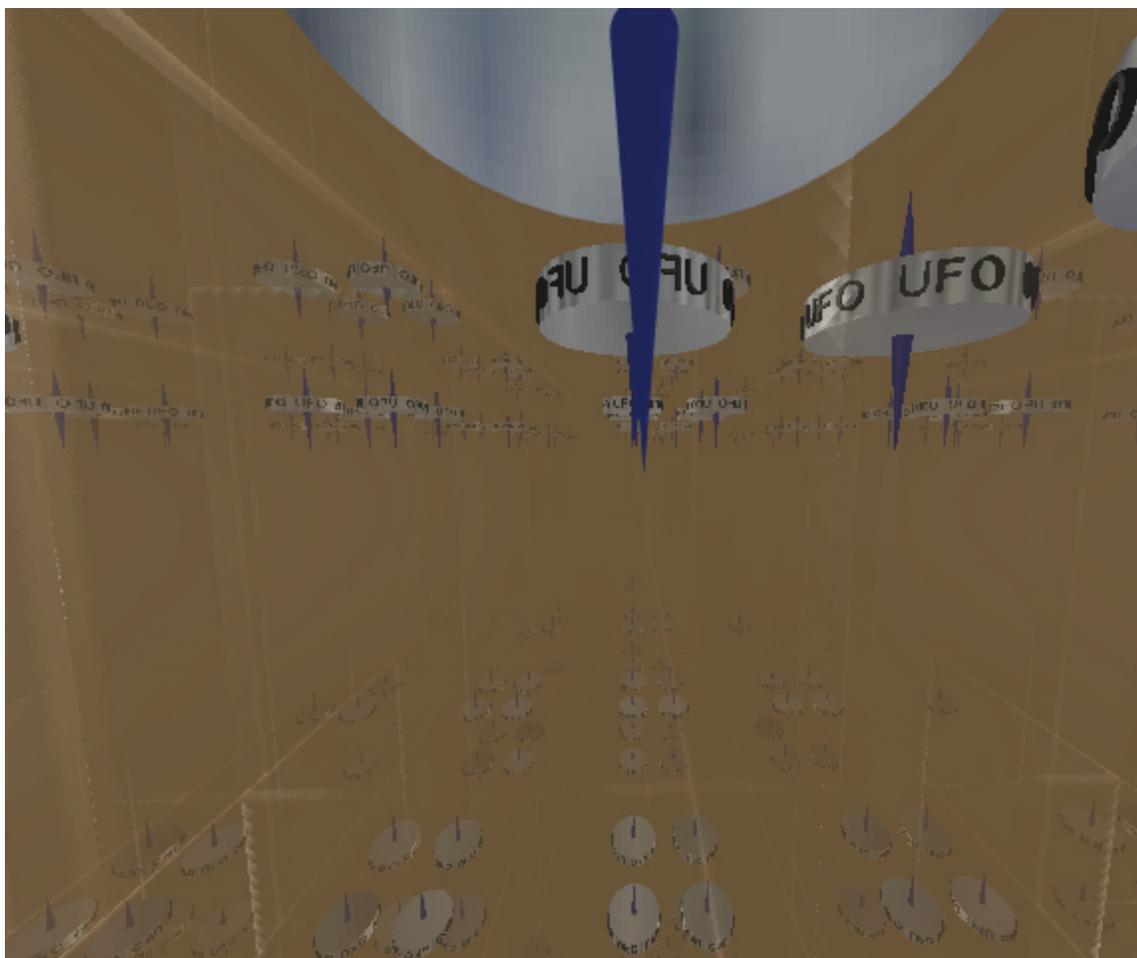
“Me and Bobby was supposed to go to Waldron in the morning on August 16th. We didn’t get a very good start on account of his wife’s sister expectin’ any minute and her having to go with her to the hospital. We didn’t get out of there ‘till real late. It were an hour or so after dark, just past Plain view, when the car goes dead and lights was all around us. Neither me or Bobby can remember much more except being inside some kind of metal ball. The next morning we woke up next to the car laying on the ground and the car started fine.”
Lonnie, 1987, Little Rock

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[Frame 114]



“Monday was a holiday, so we cut our Friday class in order to take four days to go backpacking. We had a short hike Friday and a long day on Saturday. We set up camp about 3 p.m. near a little stream. We were all very tired so we crashed pretty early. After dark, I’m not sure what time, there was a strange moaning noise and the two creatures appeared. None of us were able to move as they probed us with tentacle like fingers or arms; it was hard to tell exactly what. They had insect like eyes and metallic skin, but that could have been their suits. They told us telepathically that they wouldn’t hurt us.”
John, 1994, Colorado Springs.

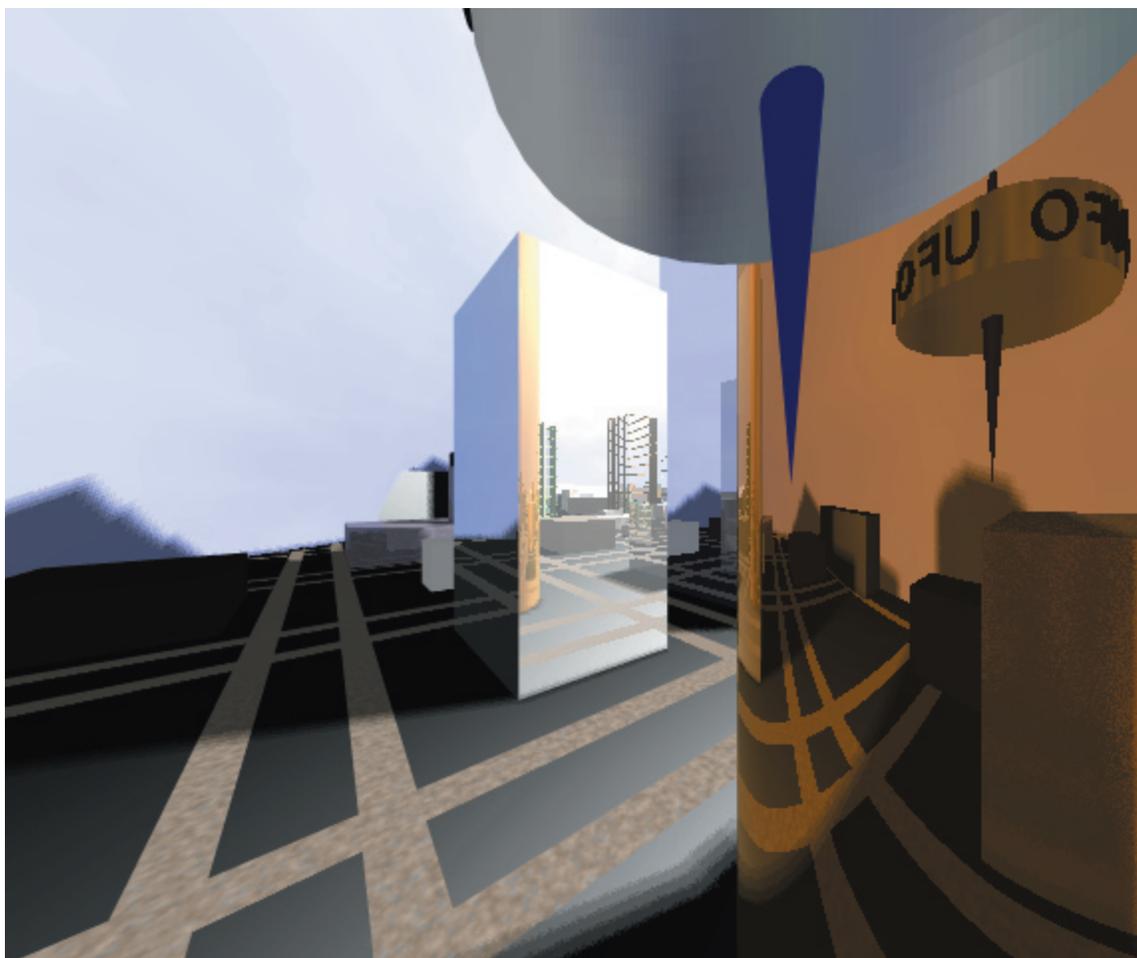


“I’d just graduated from high school and dad was sick, so I went of to stay on my uncle’s farm. It was toward dusk and I was riding Katie, my aunt’s old mare, down by Jensen’s creek. We’d just come out of the woods when there was a flash of light. Katie reared up. I must of hit my head when I fell off. When I woke up I was in a white room. Katie, was on a big table. She was dissected. Strange, short men in white suits and hoods were examining her parts. I knew that I was next. When I woke up, Uncle Jon was over me. He told me Katie had come home by herself. It all seemed like a dream, except Katie would never go near that creek again.”

Bobby, 1970, Los Angeles

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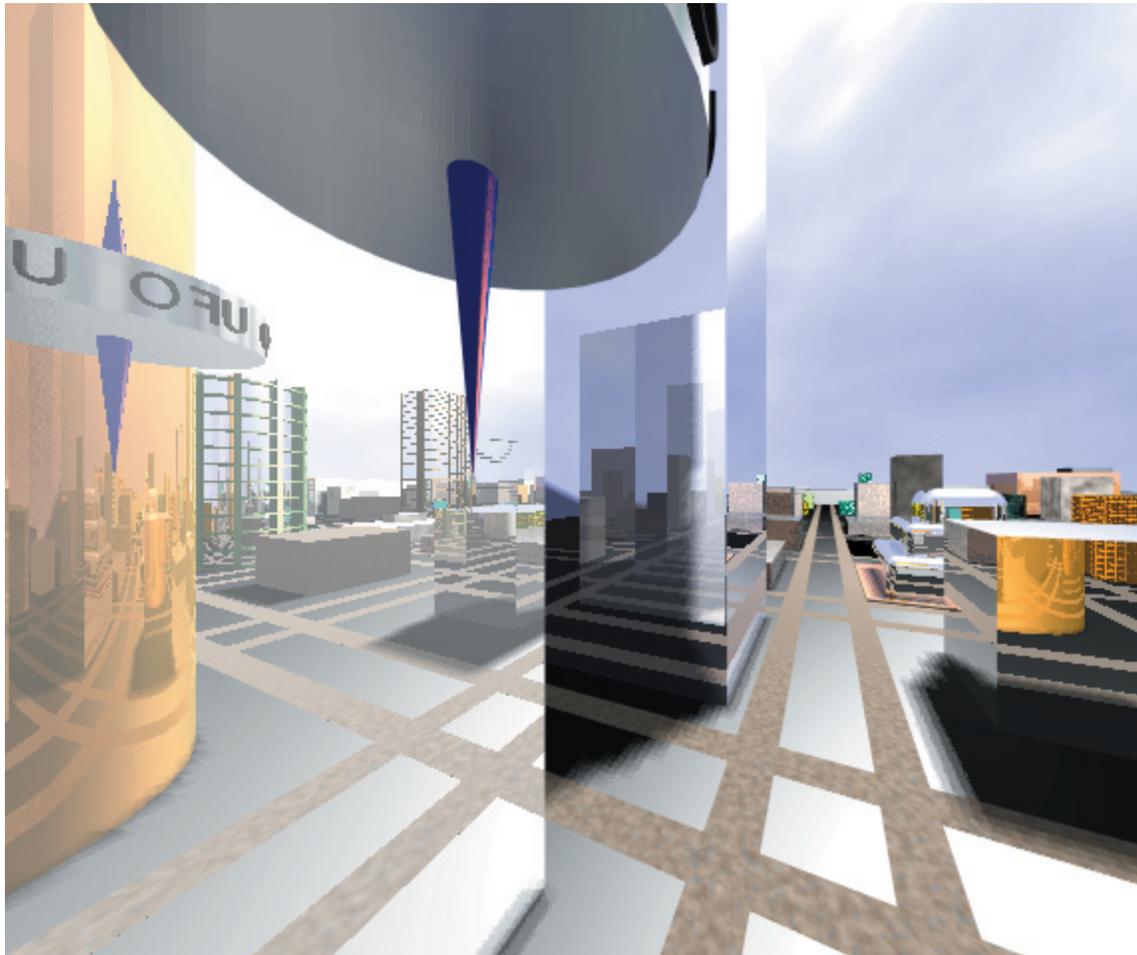
[Frame 144]



**“I thought I’d been struck by lightning. I was walking in the storm. It was raining pitchforks, thunder and lightning everywhere. There was a huge flash near me, that I took to be lightning. Then my ears were ringing, like from a loud noise, but I hadn’t heard anything. Then there was searing pain and I passed out. The rain had stopped when I came to. My head ached and my ears rang. I walked home and my wife, Joan, saw the burns. Not from lightning, but perfectly round spots, dime size, on each temple.”
Roger, 1959, Fresno**

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[Frame 190]

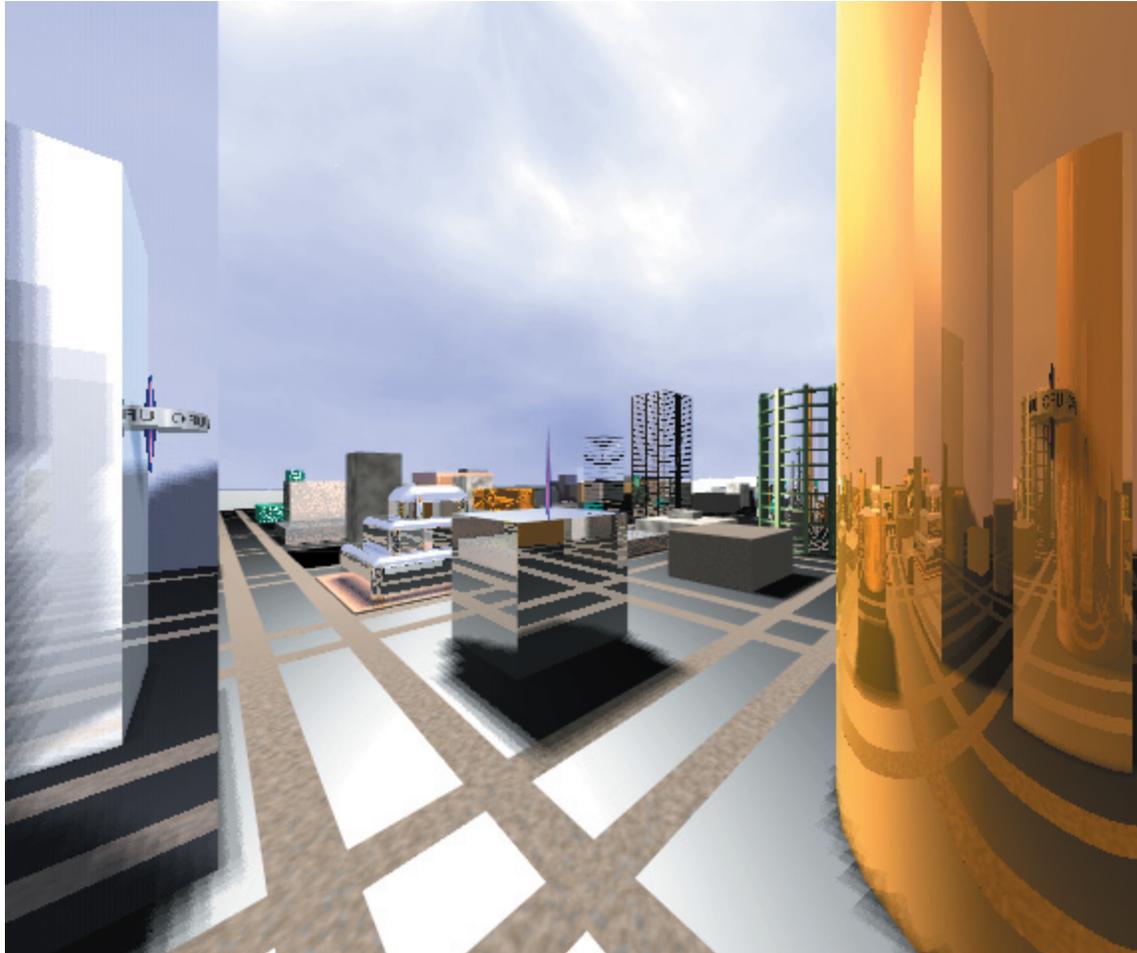


“I thought there was a wreck in the road ahead of me. Lights were flashing everywhere. But when I came closer I could see that it was nothing of the kind. There were no cops and no wrecker. It was a strange cigar shaped thing diagonally across the road. It had two bands of flashing lights around it. The ones that looked red from a distance were iridescent gold and the blue ones were like sapphires. The lights stopped flashing as if they were looking at me and the thing rose from the ground hovered for a minute and took off as fast as I’ve ever seen anything move.”

Debbie, 1989, Amarillo

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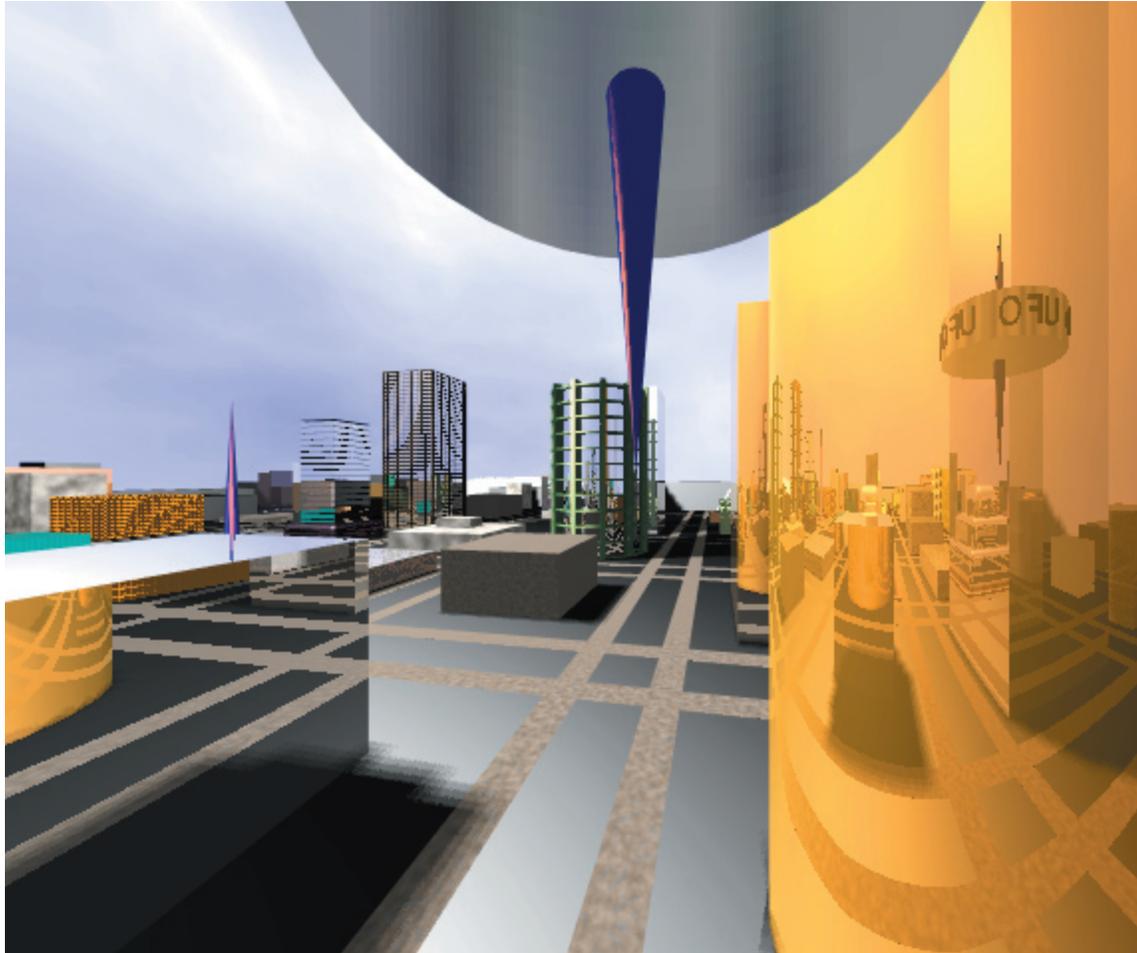
[Frame 202]



“We were rowing across the lake. It was early evening - about twilight. There was a slight breeze, and no clouds. The sky became rose colored, like a spectacular sunset, but the sun had already dropped behind the mountains. The wind stopped and the water became still and black. There was a strange silence. Then the stillness of the water was broken and it seemed to glow in a perfectly circular pattern. A strange mist appeared and a light beamed down on to the center of the pattern. The mist seemed to take the form of a ball. We knew nothing more until the next morning.”
Mack & Lilly, 1977, Olean

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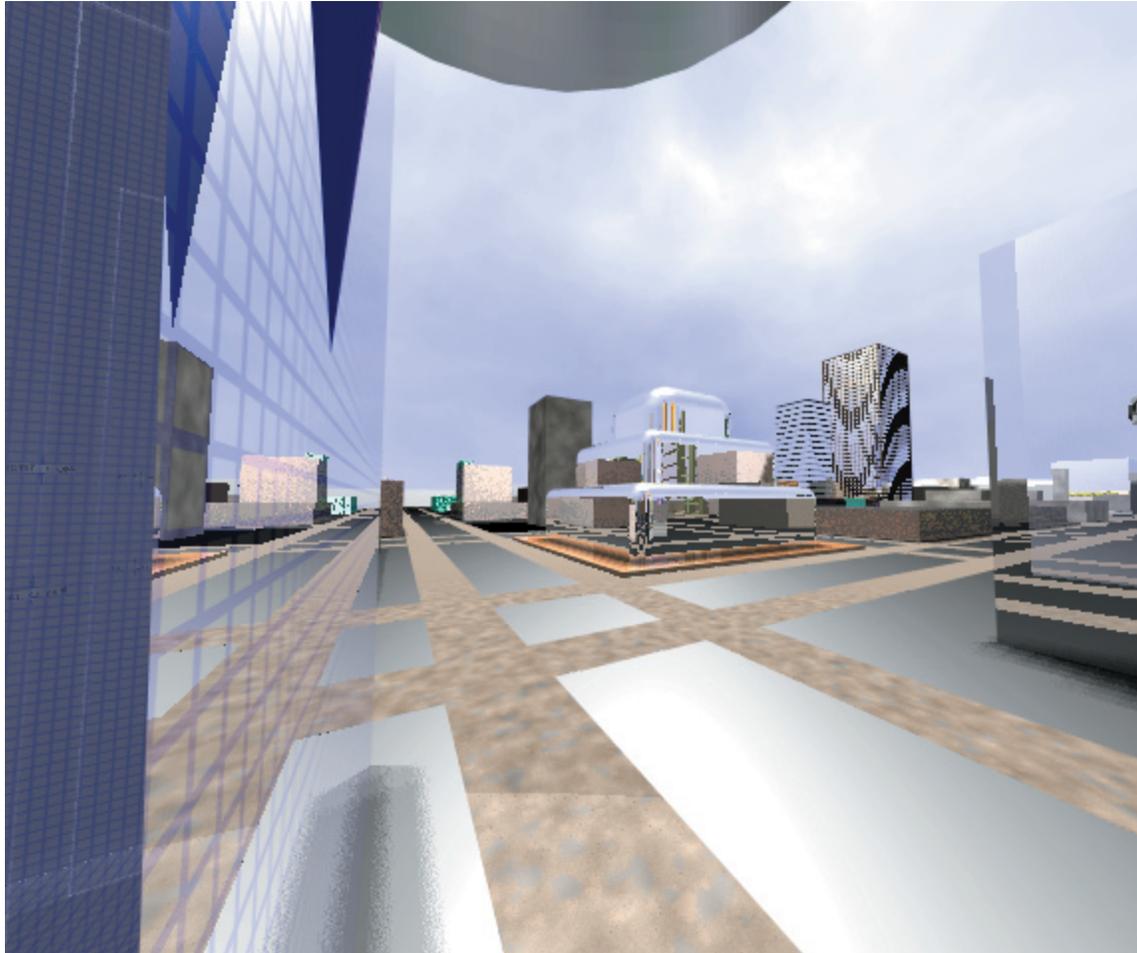
[Frame 206]



“I felt like I was sucked up through a tube into the thing. It seemed like every bone in my body was turned to mush. I lay there on their table and couldn’t move. The light was so intense that I couldn’t open my eyes to see them, but they kept probing me with needles. They seemed to be taking samples of every fluid in my body. I can’t describe how painful it was, but they seemed to have no idea. I seriously thought that they would kill me before they were done, but they finally dumped me out onto the ground.”
Jason, 1985, Tucson

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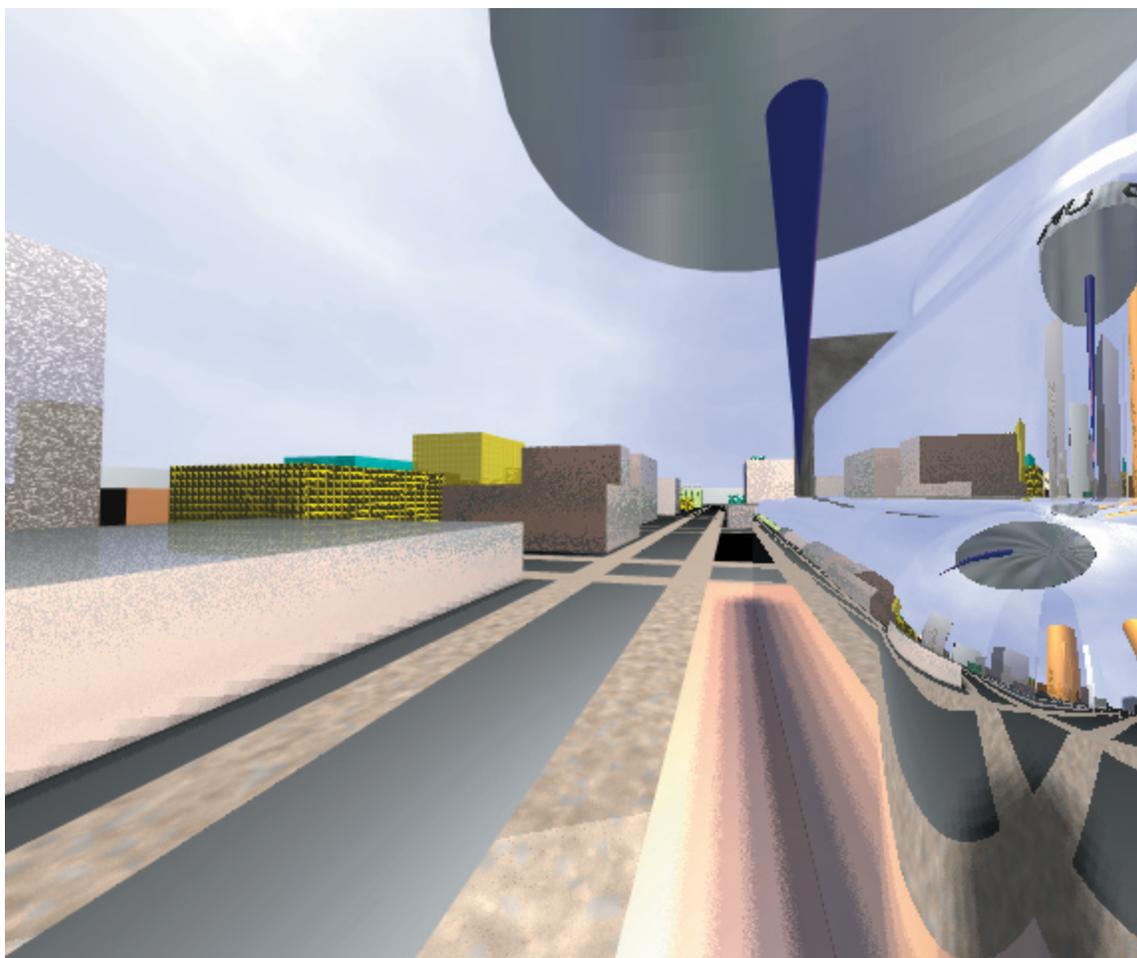
[Frame 214]



“It was the most peaceful thing I’ve ever known. I felt nothing but love. I was comfortable and warm like being in my own bed at night. Their skin shone like silver, but I could never focus on their form. They were like children with the wisdom of the ages in them. If I hadn’t seen the ship when I entered I would have thought they were angels. I wanted to stay with them forever, to go wherever they were going. But, they told me I was needed here. Their voices were like music. I couldn’t understand the words but I could understand the meaning.”
Lolly, 1992, Wichita

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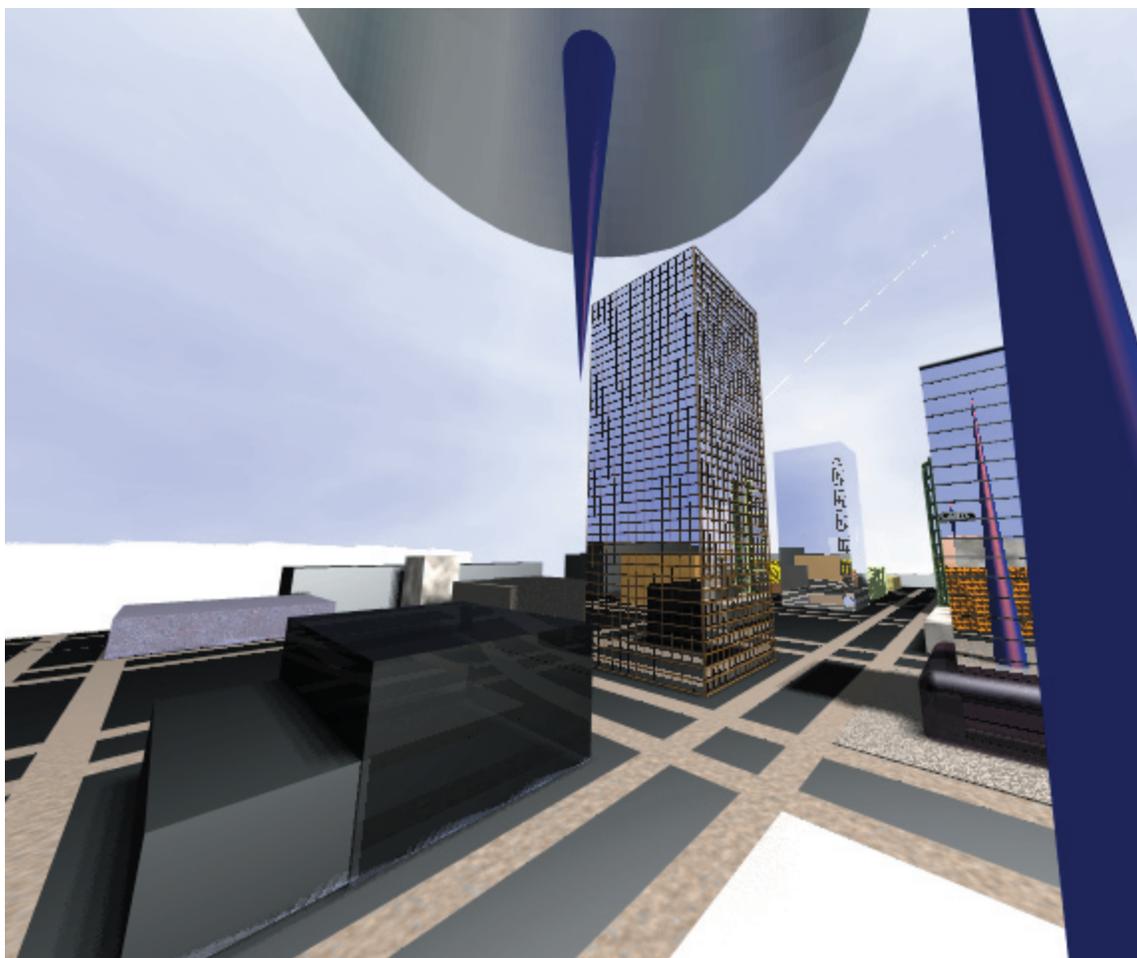
[Frame 269]



“His skin was scaled like a lizard or a snake, but it was soft and warm to the touch, like a Teddy bear. His hands had no fingers, but seemed to be able to stretch to fit whatever it was that he wanted to grasp. He had no eyes that could be seen, but I could tell that he was not blind - he had no trouble moving about. He didn’t walk, but kind of floated along. He was not off the ground but his means of movement were not visible. He spoke in a low murmur, and although I could not understand the words he said I could sense what he wanted to say to me.”
Anonymous, 1956, Winston

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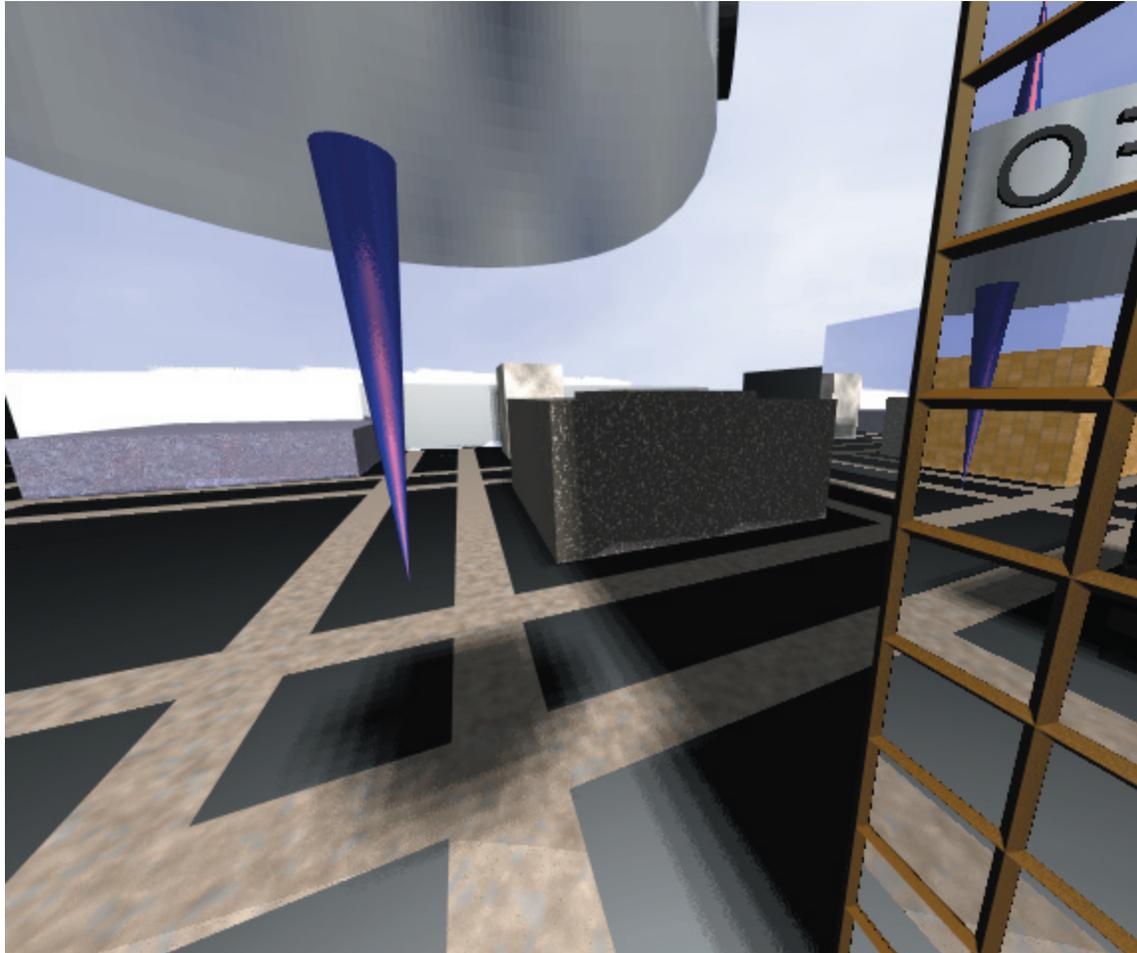
[Frame 281]



“We were pushing through the wood after the sanglier. Yves raised his gun to shoot where he thought it would come back out when he heard the sound. In a moment it was clear that it was not the sanglier but something much larger. I raised my gun also. We saw a flash of light come toward us we both shot our guns. There was a roar and we were thrown to the ground as if by the recoil. I had the wind knocked out of me. As I lay on the ground trying to get my breath, I felt it pass over me, like a wind. Yves’ recollection is much different than mine.”
Jean, 1964, Nimes

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[Frame 360]



“Nothing short of contact could have convinced me of their existence. I always felt that they came to the gullible. I’d stand outside and call on them to prove their existence to me. ‘Come and get me you f*ers’, I’d say. I got my wish. Their ship was saucer shaped with pointy things on top and bottom. At night lights of all colors revolved around it. Their feigned indifference was cosmic in its dimension, but there was nothing I could do, other than go along for the ride. Thank God I had my camera.”
Michael, 2003, Valley Center**

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[Frame 388]